

The White Cockade

The Corries

My love was born in Aberdeen,
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen;
But now he makes our hearts fu' sad,
He's taen the field wi' his white cockade.

O he's a rantin, rovin blade,
He's a brisk and a bonny lad,
Betide what may, my heart is glad,
To see my lad wi his white cockade.
Oh leeze me on the philabeg
The hairy hough and garten'd leg;
But aye the thing that blinds my ee,
The white cockade aboun the bree.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
My rippling-kame and spinning wheel,
To buy my lad a tartan plaid,
A braidsword, dirk, and white cockade.

I'll sell my rokelay and my tow,
My good grey mare and hawkit cow,
that every loyal Buchan lad
May tak the field wi the white cockade.